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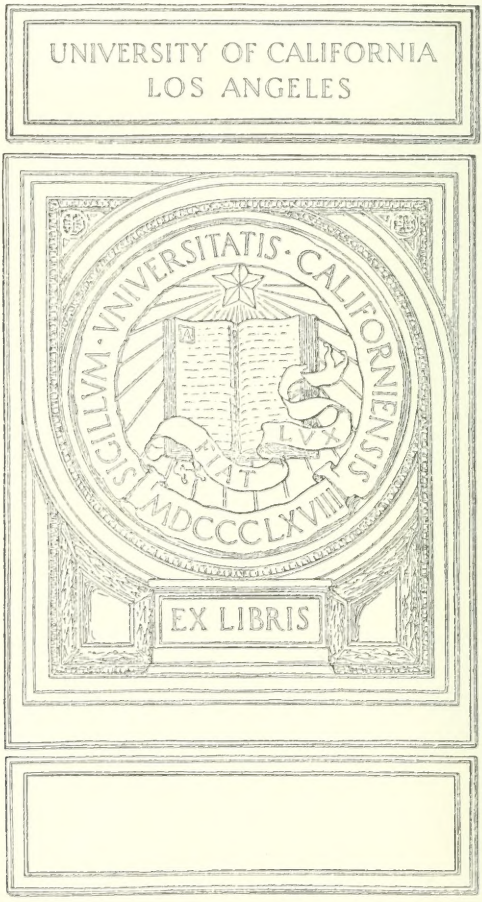

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THE MISERIE OF FLAVNDERS, CA-

lamitie of Fraunce, Misfortune of

Portugali, Unquietnes of Irelande,

Troubles of Scotlande:

And the blessed State

of ENGLANDE.

Written by Tho. Church-yarde Gent.

1579.

Imprinted at London for Andrewe Maunsell, dwellyng in Paules Church-yard at the Signe of the Parret.

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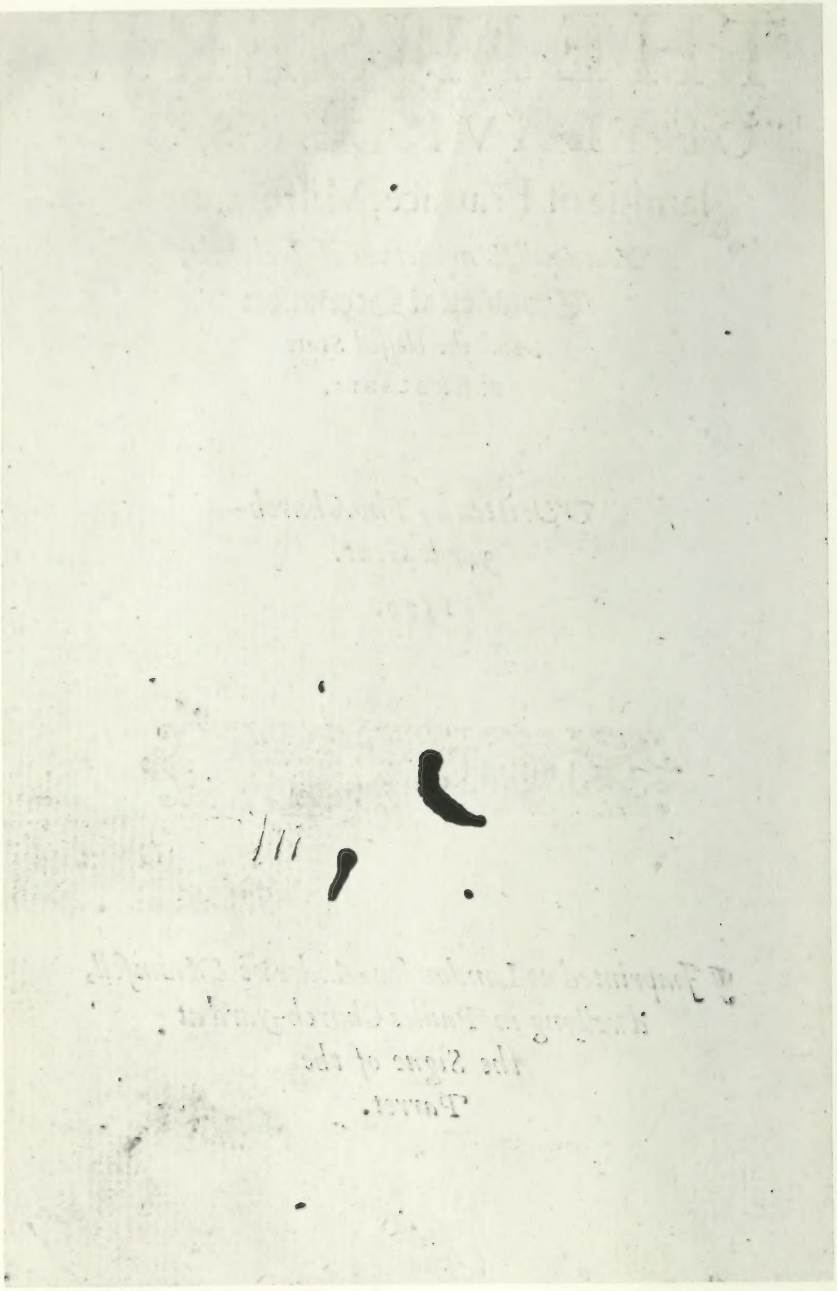

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TO THE QVEENES MOST Excellent Maieſtie, Thomas Churchyard, wiſheth all heauenly bleſſedneſſe, worldly felicitie, and vnremouable good Fortune.

HAuyng a duetifull deſire, moſte redoubted ſoueraigne, to be daily exerciſed in ſome ſeruiſable deuice and action (that maie pleaſe my Prince and countrey) I neither ſpare paines nor ſeaſon, to purchace through practiſe of pen, and ſtudie of heade, my deſired hope.

But waiyng the greatneſſe of your Maieſtie and Princely iudgement, I am to ſeeke, not onely what woordes dooeth beſt become me, but likewiſe what woorkes I ſhould preſent, eſpecially to her highneſſe, that hath ſuche giftes frō the heauens, as all our earthly imaginations, & baſe matter here belowe, maie of right giue place vnto.

And to offer any preſent where ſuche parfections doe abounde, and the fountaine of many graces dooeth freely flowe, the preſumption were greate, and the boldeneſſe ſcarce pardonabel. Yet moſte gracious Ladie, albeit I dare

not bryng water to the well heade of knowledge, and comfortable ſpryng (frō whence all kinde of people doe drawe ſuccour and releef) yet my hope is, that my humble and vpright meanyng (of this my woorke) ſhall finde fauour in your highneſſe ſight.

In whiche worke I compare, Flaunders, Fraũce, Portugall, Irelande, and Scotlande, *to bee the ſhell of a precious Nutte, the ſweete Kirnell whereof is the bleſſed ſtate of* ENGLANDE. *And though with worldly wickedneſſe, and troubles of our tyme, the goodly ſhell is ſomewhat wormeaten and cracked, the Kirnell ſhewes it ſelf ſo ſounde, that Gods greate goodneſſe & glorie is partly or altogether therein expreſſed.*

And now by my verſes and deſcription is onely touched (by all curtuous and reuerent meanes) but the troubles and miſſortunes of euery countrie a parte, goyng no further in any fraſe of ſpeeche, then Chriſtian zeale, loue, and duetie maie commaunde a good minde to ſette out, as knoweth our liuyng Lorde, who ſende your Maieſtie many good and gracious newe yeres, with a bleſſed and proſperous olde raigne ouer vs.

FINIS.

THE MISERIE of Flaunders.

THE ſoile and welthie ſeate,
where people plentie founde,
Wt ſcarcities ſcorge is plaged ſore,
and made a barraine grounde:
Where fruitfull pleaſures greate,
was lookt for in our daies,
And where for wealthe, & worthie thyngs,
did ronne our worldly praiſe.
O what a chaunge is this,
that neighbours mourne therefore,
And forraine foes are greeu'd at harte,
to ſee the cureleſſe ſore:
That now no ſence can ſaue,
nor witte can helpe in haſte,
Nor man maie ſone, by force reforme,
till warrs and will maks waſte.
O Hanocke Reuells ſonne,
and Riotte ſiſter dere:
To foule miſrule, a mother vice,
that raignde full many a yere.
In vice and corners cloaſe,

O nourſe of noughtie prancks:
And needleſſe pains and labour loſte,
that can deſerue no thanks.
Why ſhould I blame abuſe,
where Gods greate wrath bears ſwaie,
And peoples heads, will haue it ſo,
and worldlie witts decaie:
So ronnyng on the race,
of crooked careleſſe ſtepps,
Out goes good order at a iompe,
and in rude maner lepps.
That at his firſte rebounde,
ſhaks all in ſonder ſtreight:
And eche thyng cracks, that feels the force,
of wilfull hauocks weight.
Now leaue that long diſcourſe,
that hatefull hauocke bryngs:
(By meane of rage, and reuell route)
and ſpeake of other thyngs.
That Flaunders groens to feele,
and ſondrie ſighe to ſee:
And none but wails that weyes the weight,
of ſtacts in eche degree.
Why ſhould riche Flaunders now,
to Fortune, poore giue place:
That had the harte, and happe with all,

from

from harmes to holde her face,
Among the beſte of name,
that wealthie ſtate could ſhowe:
Doe alke no moze but leaue the cauſe,
to hym that all doeth knowe.
Yet I with ſpeeches free,
maie tell what troubles are:
In Flaunders now, foz that their bzoils,
began of countreis care.
And matters fitte foz penne,
awhile to treate vpon:
Good Whetſtons foz to ſharpe dull witts,
the reſte I looke not on.
That ſeru's foz ſpeciall ſpzeetts,
that ſeeth thzough Moone and Starre:
So thus to leaue of weightie thyngs,
and come to Flaunders warre.
(That woʒlde bewails and weeps,
that ſees thereof the ende:
And knowes that head and ſhoulders muſt,
their countries cauſe defende.)
My muſe bidds me bee bolde,
foz therein wants no ſkill:
To vſe apt woozds, and ſearche out wooʒks,
to ſtraine the ynkehozne quill.
Foz cauſes knowne to woʒlde,

then why if men maie aſke,
Doeth Flaunders learne the dolefull daunce,
and comes in open Maſke,
With drom and trompet loude,
to wake the woꝛlde from ſleepe?
That at ſweete reſte and peace will laugh,
and at ſoꝛꝛe warre will weepe.
Why doeth freends faule at iarre,
and ſlide in ſects by ſwarms?
And heapyng miſcheef on their heads,
are greunde of their owne harms.
Why leaps ſome from their holde,
and taks the weakeſt parte?
And ſo foꝛſaketh God and man,
to winne a woꝛlde by arte.
Why hacils the hoꝛſſes wꝛong,
that in right courſe ſhould goe?
Why doe the wiſe heads embꝛace ſelf will,
and weaue a webbe of woe?
The cauſe doeth ſhewe it ſelf,
foꝛ where diſſention is,
There are fewe matters well in frame,
and many thyngs amis:
Now is no nother noyes,
but howlyng vp and downe:
And doubt and daunger bꝛyngs greate feare,

in

in many a noble towne.
Now wanders peoples mynds,
like waues of troubled ſeas:
And neither man nor childe God wot,
is free from warrs diſeas.
Death dwells in eche mans doore,
and threatens miſcheefs greate:
The riche but macks a hongrie meale,
the poore he ſtarus for meate.
Was neuer ſeen ſuche want,
in any ſoile before:
And feawe haue little commyng in,
but ſpendeth on the ſtore.
The Soldiour liu's by ſpoile,
the Marchaunts trade is don:
The Plowman letts the plowe alone,
and out poore people ron:
As though that men were madde,
and knowe not where to goe:
In doubt to finde a faithfull freend,
and ſure to meete a foe.
The *Pater noſter* men,
or *Mal content*, thei ſaie:
Hath brought our people ſuche a plague,
as breeds their whole decaie.
Eche Chriſtian harte doeth weepe

to

The miſerie

to knowe the carefull caſe:
Of Flaunders now, who to the chaunge,
of woꝛldlie chaunce giu's place.

FINIS.

THE CALAMITIE of Fraunce.

What kyngdome maie,
compare with wofull Fraunce,
whose ciuill warres,
did laste God wot too long:
The mightie men,
thereby felt greate mischaunce,
The feeble folke,
were forcst to suffer wrong,
And no estate, was free from scath and foile,
Suche furie raingde, in rage of peoples mynds,
The weaklyngs went, to ruin, to wracke, and spoile,
As trees be torne, with blast and whirlyng wynds,
Strong goodly tounes, were beaten doune to grounde
Hye walls and towers, were battred flat as Cake,
when trompetts blast, and drum did slaughter sounde,
And bloudie blade, did wicked murther make.
O listen now, and heare my tale a while,
The warrs of Fraunce, so sharpe and cruell weare,
The sonne hymself, the father would begile,
And brother still, of brother stoode in feare,
With poison foule, and murther euery wheare.

The countrey through, was ſpred and plaged ſore,
And for to make, the ſcourge and miſcheef more,
One frende by crafte, the other would betraie,
And ſurelie none, in Princes pallaice ſtoode,
The houſe of God, where people ought to praie,
And aulter ſtone, was daiely ſtainde with blood.
The ſtreats was filde, with corſes vilie ſlaine,
And in the ſtreame, and floud the babes were flong,
And Ladies throats, with knives were cutte in twaine
There was no hope, when larumbell was rong,
Bothe wives with childe, and little children yong,
Were ſtabbed in, with Daggers diuers waies,
Some from their bedds, were ſloung a mid the ſtreete,
Suche murthers Lorde, were in thoſe bloodie daies:
As women laie, without a cloute or ſheete,
(All deade and bare, a rufull ſight to ſee)
In open plaine, yea men of auncient yeers,
Were mangled ſore, and ſome of high degree:
And noble race, and of the *Douze* Peers,
Were naked lefte, and wounded to the death,
And goodlie girlls, laie groulyng voide of breath:
In market place, the furie was ſo greate,
The rage was ſuche, that none might ſcape the ſworde
Nor nothyng could, ne coole nor quenche the heate:
Of Ciuill warre, that bothe at bedde and borde:
Was bloodie ſtill, and yet the more was ſlaine,

The

The more the broile, and greef began againe.
To tell you all, their battailes here a rowe,
Would moue your minde, and heauie harte to teares,
At sondrie tymes, their owne reporte doeth showe,
(And good recorde, thereof true witnesse beares.)
Thei lost in feeld, twoo hundreth thousande men,
Yet still their mindes, on murther ran so faste,
Thei went about, nothyng but bloodshed then,
To fight it out, as long as life might laste,
Reuenge did woorke, and weaue an endlesse webbe,
Desire of will, a wofull threede did spinne,
The floode of hate, that neuer thinks of ebbe,
A swellyng Sea, of strife brought gushyng in.
The rooted wrathe, had spred suche braunches out,
That leaues of loue, were blasted on the bowe,
Yet spitfull twiggs, began so faste to sprout,
That from the harte, the tree was rotten throwe.
No kindly sappe, did comforte any spraie,
Bothe barke and stocke, and bodie did decaie.
So that it seemde, the soile infected was,
With malice moods, that smells of mischeef greate,
Their golden lande, was tourne to rustie Bras:
And eche thyng wrought, as God had curst the seate,
The ground thought scorne, to bryng forth frute in time
The Vines did rotte, the blade would beare no corne,
Like Winter foule, became the Sommers Prime,

The pleaſant plotts, brought forth wilde brier & thorn
With Raine and ſtorme, the lande was vexed ſtill,
The ire of God, the people could not ſhunne,
Greate grewe the greef, that came by headſtrong will,
And all theſe plagues, by proude conceite begonne,
That thought to rule, perhapps paſt reaſons lore,
Create that who pleaſe, my muſe not framde therefore:
Of warrs and woe, I meane my penne to ſtraine,
In breef diſcourſe, for *Wiſedomes* vieu alone,
I ſkippe ouer doubts, I dare not be to plaine,
Leaſt fire flie out, from flinte and ſtricken ſtone.
Thoſe broills abroche, the realme ran all to ruen:
The heads waxte ſicke, the members were amis,
The notes were nought, the ſong was out of tune,
And badde is beſt, where ſuche rude Muſick is.
Blood was ſo ſought, that Butcherie boare the ſwaie,
A man and beaſt, were waied bothe a like:
The Shepe muſt dye, the wolfe would haue his praie,
The riche would rule, the poore muſt paie the pike,
The houſe muſt burne, that could not make defence,
The head muſt of, that had more witte then needs,
The fulleſt baggs, were ſcarched for their pence,
The vains were ſought, that moſte the humour feeds,
The good might ſtarue, the badde found all the grace,
The wiſe might walke abroade, and tell the trees,
The faunyng fooles, were moſte prefarde in place:

The

The waſpes would ſucke, the honie from the Bees,
And to be plaine, abuſe in all degrees,
Bred nought but warre, and nouriſht ſuche debate,
That all to torne, did lye that noble ſtate.
And when one race, or noble houſe did riſe,
With force of armes, to make reuolte or ſtoer,
Tenne thouſande flockt, as thicke as ſtarrs in ſkies.
About the ſtreats, before the Princes doore,
No woords might ſerue, nor reaſon could preuaile:
The people waxte, as wilde as chafed Deere,
Yea though thei heard, their wiues bothe wepe & waile,
Their children crie, their frends make mournyng chere
To bloodie fight, in furie fell thei all,
And though on heaps, dead coarſes laie in vieu,
The people made, accounte thereof but ſmall.
For battaile did, but malice ſtill renue.
A greate mans death, coſte many ſmall mens liues,
A ſmall offence, did make a greate adoo,
When men forget, their children and their wiues,
And madlie faults, to hate their countrey too.
A little ſparke, will make a marueilous fire,
And then bothe Prince, and Lawe is out of minde:
Good rule is drounde, and children doo conſpire,
Their fathers deaths, and kinſmen out of kinde,
Doo turne and change, as weather Cocke with winde.
O Fraunce, who lookes, vpon thy bloodie waies,

And notes but halfe,the pageant thou hast plaied:
Will be therefore,the wiser all their daies,
Or at the least,will howrely bee afraied.
To plaie suche pranks,as thou poore France hast doon
Thou hadst a tyme,and wretched race to run.
For others weale,that can good warnyng take,
Thy neighbours haue,had laisure to regarde,
The harms of thee,and so a mirrour make:
Of thy greate doole,and dulfull destinie harde.
Can greater plagues,bee seen in any soile:
Then,reuell rage,and hauocke euery waie,
A ciuill warre,with wicked waiste and spoile.
A deadlie botche,that striks stoute harte by daie.
And kills by night,the harmles in his bedde,
O ciuill warre,thou hast a Hidras heddc:
A Vipers kinde,a Serpentes nature throwe,
A Spiders shape,a forme of vglie Tode:
A Deuilishe face,a shamelesse blotted browe,
A bloodie hande,at home and eke abrode.
And if a man,would painte a monster right,
Set out in shape,but ciuill warre to sight:
Painte all the harms,that cruell murther brings,
And sure that Snake,will shewe ten thousande stings.
A man maie not,in colours setforthe well,
A rude reuolt,a wretched ciuill brawll:
He were as good,assaie to painte out hell,

And

And seeke to shewe, the sorts of torments all,
That sillie souls, doo feele with damned spreetts.
Who sees reuolte, in feeld or ciuill streetts,
Will thinke he meetts, madd doggs disgisde like men,
Or els wilde Wolues, that liues in sauage woode:
It passeth witte, and cunnyng arte of pen,
To blase out warrs, began on mortall foode.
And namely broills, that breeds in publike state,
The cause whereof, bothe God and man doeth hate.
O France the flowre, and gardaine of the earth,
The soile of wealthe, and topp of triumphe all:
Where is become, thy pastyme and thy mirthe,
Thy glorie greate, that worldlie ioyes we call.
Hath wilde reuolt, made tame thy gallants gaie,
Fie on that braule, that breeds so greate a fraie.
Fie on that warre, that brynges riche people bare.
And foule befaule, the birds that files their neaste,
Reuolte brynges realms, and mightie kyngs in care,
And roots vp peace, and plants discord in breaste.
Though wilfull heads, in haste reuenge will take,
And for some shreaude, deuise drawes out the blade,
Beware through heate, how ciuill warre you make:
It wounds the state, and marrs all honest trade,
It rotts sound harts, and spoils eche common weale,
A remedie lesse sore, that no sweete salue can heale.
The sorrie mischaunce, that Fraunce hath felt thereby,

(And

(And ſlaughters greate, whiche laſted many a yere)
Doth ſtande ſo freſhe, and full before your eye,
That woulde maie ſee, men bought that warre ful dere:
The flood of ſtrife, did run ſo through the realme,
Some dreggs muſt needs, be left behinde the ſtreame.
In whiche deepe droſſe, maie lye more harme then good
God ſhield eche lande, that loues and feares the Lorde,
From ſuche abuſe, and thirſtyng after blood,
And plant therein, ſweete peace and milde accorde:
From whiche pure tree, there ſpringes a precious balme,
That keeps of ſtormes, and brynges a quiet calme.

FINIS.

THE MISFORTVNE of Portugalle.

AS fraunce did ſmarte,
through rage of ciuill warre,
And flaunders is,
not free from ſuche like foile:
So other ſoils,
by meane of wicked iarre,
When leaſt is thought, are offred to the ſpoile.
Whoſe wretched ruen, the wiſe doeth daicly rewe,
To make the fonde, reforme their life a newe:
But where was peace, and loue long linked faſte,
And people wayt, bothe riche and ſtoute of minde,
If their miſhappe, and miſcheef come at laſte,
What harte in breaſt, or man is ſo vnkinde:
That will not waile, the woe of ſuche a lande,
Who God alone, hath toucht with mightie hande.
In Portugall, befell a dolfull cace,
The ſtraungeſt chaunce, that hath bin heard of late,
There was a kyng, who had greate gifts of grace,
A Princely ſparke, of goodly porte and ſtate:
And as his ſhape, was ſemely to the ſight,

So loe within, his minde was shapte a right.
For forme of face, and other outwarde shoes,
Were aunswered full, with greatnesse of the harte:
And in that Prince, as now report there goes,
Of speciall points, was many a noble parte.
Among the reste, was one full muche to note,
He sought no will, nor would of women dote,
Deede renowne, and yet despisde delite,
And loathed luste, yet loude a merrie meane,
To pastyme bent, yet banisht pleasure quite,
And glad to leade, a life moste pure and cleane.
And alwaies ment, to doe some mightie deede,
Against the Turkes, suche noble mynde he boze:
That of the like, a man maie hardly reede,
And in our daies, was seldome seen before,
Well, what auails, to blase his vertues moze.
His minde was suche, he would not idle sitte,
He helde good fame, moze worth then heaps of gold:
And to maintaine, his courage and his witte,
Against the Mores, a powre prepare he would.
So with his freends, and suche as wisht hym well,
He shippyng tooke, and spread the seas with sails,
But now I haue, a wofull tale to tell.
And now in deede, my muse bothe weeps and wails,
And I my self, of right ought be full sadd,
To shewe at large, what ill successe he had,

Bothe

Bothe he and his,full ſaſly ſette on ſhore,
On enemies'ground,and rangyng where thei would:
His foes hym mette,and fought with hym ſo ſore:
(Whoſe ſtrength and force,were ſtronger treble fold.)
That he was ſlaine,and all his people loſte:
And fewe of them,retourned home againe,
Suche was their fate,that ſought that curſſed coſte.
To make vs muſe, that doeth a liue remaine,
And make vs knowe,by this greate foughten feeld:
There is no life,but muſt to Fortune yeeld.
For at one tyme,three kynges made there their ende,
But none of them,maie chriſten men lament:
Sauc this good kyng,to whom the Lorde did ſende,
A ſodaine fall,to our greate diſcontent.
Yea,waie the loſſe,and worthe of chriſten bloode,
An let the caſe,be throughly vnderſtoode.
There was not ſuche,a loſſe theſe hundreth yeers,
Be iudge thereof,that knowes what Princes are:
And of the ſtate,and rule of kyngdoms heers,
And Portugall,thou luckleſſe lande of care,
Be thou the iudge,if I ſpeake trothe or noe,
Looke how thou wilte,thou canſt not hide thy woe:
In mournyng blacke,let all thy people goe:
Proclaime a faſt,and ſtretche your hands on hie,
And in the ſtreats,for ſorrowe houle and crie.
For ſince thy kyng,is taken from thee thus,

That was before, sent thee to thy greate ioye:
There is behinde, a forer plague yewus,
Ifcarelesse heads, of earnest make a toye.
Could more mishappe, to any soile befall,
Then lose the Lampe, that gaue the countrey light:
(And in the darke, can finde no torche at all,
Nor candell clere, to walke in Winters night,)
Could Fortune worke, to men a worse despite:
Then take awaie, their hope and comfort quite.
Could people lose, a Pearle of greater price:
Then suche a Gem, as worlde con scarcly showe.
Could Heathen men, wishe any worse deuice,
To vs, then giue, so greate an ouerthrowe.
I feare the bacbs, that learns their Christs crosse row,
Will quaile for this, when we are in our graue.
The losse is yet, like fruite that is but greene,
On goodlie trees, that blasted is with winde:
But when the want, of apples shalbe seene,
With more regarde, the matter shall we minde.
Leaue that to hym, that giues and taks awaie,
Who can at length, his secrte will bewraie.

Now sheepe from fold, maie ron and meete the wolfe,
Now gide is gone, the flocke to ruen must fall:
Now greef passe cure, comes in through gushyng golfe,
Now Prince is dead, adue poore Portugall.
Thy date is doen, excepte for deathnie straunge,

God

God ſende ſome chaunce, to counterpaiſe the chaunge,
In Skies of late, was ſeen a blaſyng Starre,
A Comete bright, that threatned plags at hande,
Whiche did preſage, perhapps this bloodie warre,
And plags that are, a broche in many a lande.
God is diſpleaſd, and ſure his wrathe is greate,
When Turcks doe ſcorge, and plage the chriſten kings:
This angrie ſigne, and fearfull ſodaine heate,
Maks wiſemen waie, the weight of further things.
Where mightie trees, are rent with thunder cracke,
With trembling feare, the people homeward ronne:
The tempeſts rage, that bringeth ruen and wracke,
Where daunger is, eche liuyng thyng will ſhonne:
So ſuche as ſee, where plague or warrs encreace,
Will ſeeke for healthe, and praie to liue in peace.

FINIS.

THE VNQVIETNES of Irelande.

TO treate of Irelands toile,
and tell the troubles now,
(and paint you out in proſe or vers,
the countries ſorowe thorowe)
Would ſure containe more tyme
and earneſt matter bothe,
Thã eaſly mẽ would ſpare to ſped
or worlde would thinke a trothe.
For there theſe many yeres,
hath ſtrief in ſtate been ſtorde,
And ſeldome in the quiet ſheath,
can reſte the trenchyng ſworde.
The ſoldiours that are ſent,
to keepe the lande in awe:
Are faine to marche through thicke and thinne,
and after lye in ſtrawe,
And feede on what thei finde,
but loe plaine countrey men,
Doeth laie our horſe, eats vp their corne,
and Coignie now and then.
Wats wife and childzen crie,

and

and leaus the lande full bare:
Tis hard to knowe if commons poore,
or ſoldiours feels moſte care.
The greef ſo common is,
that eche one beares a peece,
And God he knowes who licks the fatte,
or ſhears awaie the fleece.
But now to tell the toile,
and trauaill ſoldiours take,
To thoſe that knowes not what it means,
it would a wonder make.
For who that there can ſerue,
and ſuffer what doeth fall,
Maie bide the brunt of any warre,
in Chriſten kyngdoms all:
The ſtrength and ſtraits are ſuche,
that men muſt paſſe ſomtyme.
The rocks and mountains are ſo ſtraunge,
whereon the ſoldiours clime:
Thei can not well be tolde,
nor numbred here a right.
And touchyng mightie woods and boggs,
I could name ſuche a ſight:
As would you wearie make,
to read or looke vpon,
And who demaunds the trothe of thoſe,

that hath the iourneis gon.
Shall heare a thouſande thyngs,
whiche worthie is the note,
The labor, paine, and proofe thereof,
will neuer be forgote.
Some feels it in their ioynts,
and ſhall whiels liues thei beare,
And ſo be bolde, who tries that toile,
maie venter any where:
For toile doeth daiely growe,
amidde that troubled lande,
But how the cauſe thereof doth riſe,
with wiſedome bee it ſcande.
To heare the people crie,
and ſee their bare eſtate,
Would ſure moue teares in any eye,
that doeth the countrey hate.
I can but wiſhe them well,
my duetie claims the ſame,
For that thei are our neighbors nere
and ought with equall name,
Like ſubiects liue with vs,
for ſince one Prince wee haue,
One minde & maner ſhould we ſhew,
good order that doeth craue.
The hande doeth loue the arme,

and

and arme with leggs agree,
And all the ioynts the bodie bears,
in perfite peace muſt bee:
So head ſhall well bee ſerude,
but where thoſe members iarre,
There will burſt out ſome bold abuſe
ſome braule, or irkſom warre.
Though Irelande hath bin long,
in moſte vnquiet cace,
It wil be well, when God ſhall plant,
in peoples harts his grace:
I hope to ſee that daie,
and that in ſeaſon ſhort,
That my plain pen ſhall finde greate cauſe,
to yelde them good report.

FINIS.

THE TROBLES of Scotlande.

F Flaunders, Fraunce,
or Portugall compare,
with Scotlande now,
for troubles, straunge it were:
For that is soile,
of sorrowe and of care,
And cheefest seate,
of sadnesse any where.
That ofte hath had, within it self suche stoore,
As spoilde the lande, and kept the countrey poore:
And when that warrs, awhile had taken leaue,
(And woe bade want, to laie doune speare and sheelde:)
The one by sleight, the other would deceaue,
And than sharpe sworde, should plead the case in feelde.
Yea in the house, short dagger did the deede,
When murther might, serue tyme or turne for neede:
And nousled thus, thei were God wot in blood,
In rage thei would, not spare, ne hyre nor loue:
Not one might buye, his life for worldly good,
If murthyring hands, were bent to giue the blowe:
Their hainous actes, sufficient proofe doeth showe,

I

I neede not name, the perſons thei haue ſlaine:
For ſlaughters crie, through higheſt clouds doeth goe,
And daicly craues, of God redreſſe againe.
The murtheryng minde, is neuer free from foe,
Nor ſure of freende, nor yet of life in fine,
But dwells in doubt, and liues like curſſed Caine:
O happie wight, that hath ſuche grace deuine,
That neuer will, his harte nor conſcience ſtaine,
With brothers blood: and bleſſed is that hedde,
And hande withall, that neuer blood did ſhedde.
Bothe beaſts and birds, will fall out ſondrie waies,
And ſtriue awhile, and yet at length agree:
But as thei waſte, their coller ſo decaies,
And cleane forgotte, the quarrells are you ſee.
Shall man, that hath, the reaſon to forbeare,
Bee worſe then beaſt? O God that fault forbid,
Shall malice finde, a place and ſuccour there,
Where Gods greate gifts, ought lye like treaſure hid?
Shall harts of men, (the temple of the Lorde)
Lodge murther vile, and nouriſhe foule diſorde?
Shall thoſe that knowes, what lawe & peace is worth,
Breake Lawe and Peace, and breede diſſention ſtill?
The tree is badde, that brings ſuche braunches forth:
The hedds are vaine, that ſhowes no deeper ſkill.
The ground is nought, that weeds but ſcratting briers
And folke not good, where murther ſtill appiers.

And yet the grounde, can beare no blame of this,
Mans harte vnsounde, turns many thynges amis.
Or elſe the fate, that is from heauen ſent,
And cruell courſe, of Planetts may be cauſe:
That people are, to troubles dayly bent,
And ſo forgetts, good rule and wholſome lawes.
If Planetts could, worke that effecte in man,
Where ſhould Gods grace, haue force and vertue than:
It were a faulte, and errour wonders greate,
To truſt or thinke, that Planetts could doe ought,
In man who taks, his force and kindly heate,
His forme and ſhape, his ſence and feelyng thought,
From hym that ſitts, aboue the Starrs and ſees,
How Planetts moue, and how the worlde agrees.
Would God thoſe ſoiles, where greateſt iarrs haue bin,
And all the ſorts, and people of the ſame:
Would from hencefoorthe, ſuche trade of life begin,
As in our worlde, might purchace endleſſe fame.
For bloodie brauls, that hurlie burlie breeds,
With murthers foule, and treaſons voide of feare,
Coms out of vice, and ſprynge from wicked ſeeds.
Thei are a droſſe, and Darnell in good Corne:
A graceleſſe graine, that poiſons man and beaſte:
An open plague, a priuie prickyng thorne:
A bankette fine, to grace a filthie feaſte:
A diſhe of ſwill, dreſſe vp like daintie cheare:

A meſſe of brothe, that marrs the Dinner quite:
A colde conceite, of Cookrie bought full deare:
A conning knacke, of knaurie ſpiſſe with ſpite:
A tricke newe learnde, beyonde the Alps I trowe:
A toye brought home, by thoſe that trauells farre:
A ſimple Snake, a ſmilyng ſutteil ſhrowe:
A ſigne of Peace, but grounde of greeuous warre.
What can be named, of all vile earthly thyngs,
But murthers reache, and monſtrous treaſon bryngs:
The lande that hath, amid his bowels bred,
This ſore diſeaſe, and will no medſon take:
Is ſure not well, and ſicke from feete to hed,
And of it ſelf, but ſmall account doeth make.
No ſtate can ſtande, where Juſtice bears no ſwaie,
The leggs are lame, that full of humours are:
The man muſt fall, that hath no certaine ſtaie,
Where vertue wants, vice walks but thin and bare.
A patched waule, is ſhakte a ſonder ſtreight:
It laſts no while, that is ſet vp by ſleight:
Our Nature hates, the thyng that is not good:
And ſuche as halte, are ſpied by vpright ſence:
And kinde abhors, the blade embrued in blood:
Who ſtriks the weake, that can not make defence,
Dare not in feeld, a point to meete his foe.
Who macks a bande, to murther one alone,
Loues neither Prince, nor common wealth I knowe:

And

And who delites, to here the giltleſſe grone,
Doeth beare mans ſhape, and Tygers nature ſhowe:
Well, let that paſſe, greate troubles maie a riſe,
In angrie worlde, that is diſpleaſde for nought:
But ſuche as fall, to murther are not wiſe,
Their witts can not, conceiue how man was wrought
Nor who regards, the wrongs good people haue:
Whils giltleſſe blood, a right reuenge doeth craue.

FINIS.

THE BLESSED
ſtate of Englande.

What bleſſed hap, and happie daies,
our Kyngdome doeth poſſes,
the welthe & peace that here aboũds
to worlde maie well expres:
What greater ioye cã people haue
than reſt and riches bothe?
And many other fruitfull thyngs,
that on thoſe braunches groweth.
What earthly fame, is like to this?
What wiſedome can bee more?
Than ſhunne the broiels, that follie brings,
and laie vp wealthe in ſtore.
For warrs when cauſe commaunds the ſame,
what can wee wiſhe ſo well
Than, at a tyme of troubles greate,
in quiet houſe to dwell.
But waye a while with iudging witte,

What woe our neighbours taſte:
VVhat wealthe goes out, what worlds vnreſte
comes in with warre and waſte,
A luſtie brute, cries all for warre,
and ſuche as little haue:
VVith Princes paie, or poore mens goods,
would faine goe gaie and braue,
But taſtyng warrs, bothe he and more,
that buyes their knowledge dere,
That goes out well, coms home with loſſe,
and than reſts quiet here.
Cries out of warrs, finds fault with toile,
and truſts to that will laſte,
And ſo with ſadde and heauie minde,
forgetts the labours paſte:
And faulls to take the eaſe we here
enioye, with peace at home.
A Ie well whiche full ſeawe ſhall finde,
that liſts abrode to rome.
For rounde about vs euery where,
the worlde ſo runs on wheels:

That we are bleſt that here no parte,
of their affliction feeles.
Here haue wee ſcope to ſkippe or walke,
to ronne and plaie at baſe:
Still voide of feare, and free of minde,
in euery poincte and cace.
Here freends maie meete and talke at will,
the Prince and Lawe obaied:
And neither ſtraunge, nor home borne childe,
of Fortune ſtands afraied.
Here hands doe reape the ſeeds thei ſowe,
and heads haue quiet ſleeps:
And wiſedome gouerns ſo the worlde,
that reaſon order keeps.
Here mercie rules, and mildneſſe raigns,
and peace greate plentie brynge:
And ſollace in his ſweeteſt voice,
the Chriſtmas carrowle ſyngs.
Here freends maie feaſt, and triumphe too,
in ſuertie voide of ill:
And one the other welcome make,

With mirthe and warme good will.
The grounde it brynges ſuche bleſſyng forthe,
that glad are forrains all:
Amid their want, and harde extreems,
in fauour here to faull.
Heer wounded ſtaets doe heale their harms,
and ſtraungers ſtill repaire;
VVhen miſcheef makes them marche abroad,
and driue them in diſpaire.
Heer thouſands haunt and finde releef,
that are in heauie cace:
And freendly folke with open armes,
doeth ſillie ſoules enbrace.
Heer thyngs are cheape, and eaſily had,
no ſoile the like can ſhowe:
No ſtate nor Kyngdome at this daie,
doeth in ſuche plentie flowe.
The traullar that hath paſte the worlde,
and gone through many a lande:
VVhen he comes home, and noets theſe thyngs,
to heauen holds vp hande:

And

And muſeth how this little plotte,
can yeeld ſuche pleaſures greate:
It argues where ſuche graces growe,
that God hath bleſt the ſcate.
Bothe Prince and people euery one,
and where his bleſſyng is,
There neither wants no earthly ioye,
nor hope of heauens blis.
This ILE, is Kirnell of the Nutte,
and thoſe that neare vs dwell,
(Our forraine neighbours rounde about,)
I counte them but the ſhell:
That holdeth in this Kirnell ſweete,
as Nature hath a ſtiende.
And as ſome ſhells worme eaten are,
yet Kirnell ſounde we finde:
So ſondrie ſoils, about this Ile,
are crackt, and croſhte ye knowe:
With furies rage, and force that fills
their countrey full of woe.
Whiche force of men, or rage of warre,

macks calme the lookers on:
And bids wiſe heads, to quenche hotte fire,
and ſtande as colde as ſton.
When ſtrief would ſtorre vp quiet ſtate,
to ſtriue for feeble ſtrawes:
And leaue the loue of countries zeale,
and holde with ſerraine cauſe.
O ENGLANDE, thou art bleſt in deede,
thy necke is free from yoke:
Thy armes are ſtrong, thy body ſounde,
and in good bowre be ſpoke,
Thy youth and age haue able ioynts,
to trie thy cauſe in feelde:
And as that now in troublous tymes,
the Lorde hath been thy ſheelde.
So looke when comes in, cunnyng knacks,
thy whole account is made,
That plainnes ſhall make finenes feele,
the weight of Bilbowe blade.
More bleſſed than thy neighbours all,
by proof thou art as yet:

More

More likely art thou by that cauſe,
in peace and reſte to ſit.
More good in ſeaſon haſt thou doen,
than thouſands well can waye:
Moſte happie is thy ſtate therefore,
and ſurer ſtands thy ſtaye.
Than maieſt thou be the Kirnell ſweete,
that many wiſhe to haue:
But none can ſpoile, nor ſcarce dare touche,
ſuche grace greate God thee gaue.
That garde ſhall keepe the Kirnell long,
from worme and wicked foile:
And ſende good fortune ſondrie waies,
vnto this bleſſed ſoile.

FINIS.

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